

Let it Rain by FangirlingStrangerThings

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Summary:

Mileven Week Day 7 Theme - In the Rain.

It's November 7th 1987 and Homecoming night. El and Mike are expecting to be dressed formally, to dance, to laugh and to hopefully spend the night together.

When the night's events taken an unexpected turn, El is able to show her disappointed boyfriend that all she really needs to be happy is him.

Fluffy, romantic and cute, with the musical talents of Toto and Bryan Adams.

Let it Rain

Let it Rain

November 7th 1983

*The rain was pouring down her frozen face as Mike continued to stare at her, his lips slightly parted in surprise at finding a girl in the middle of Mirkwood. A girl who looked so very **different** from any girl Mike had ever seen before.*

He continued to shine the flashlight at her face, barely remembering that Lucas and Dustin were either side of him, their hands trembling slightly with fear of this new person. Her chest was panting, her feet bare on the slippery fallen leaves and her yellow long-sleeved shirt was hanging off her, soaking wet.

Mike stared into her eyes and felt his breath catch at how gravity seemed to shift when she looked straight back, hazel glistening orbs filling his vision. He was twelve years old, not understanding the ways of the world yet. Not having experienced hardship, sorrow or heart break. But the sadness in the girl's eyes broke him, the way her frail frame shuddered concerned him and the devastation and fear written across her pale face made Mike want to protect her. His heart picked up speed, his pulse thumping in his ears as he slowly blinked and came back to the reality of the situation.

There was a frightened girl in Mirkwood, alone, soaking wet and freezing. Mike slowly lowered his flashlight while Lucas and Dustin looked hesitantly between the girl and their Paladin, their eyes a mixture of concern and curiosity as they awaited his word.

Mike kept eye contact with the girl as he carefully placed his torch on the wet ground, standing back up carefully as he reached to pull off his jacket. The girl flinched and took a step back.

"It's okay," Mike tried to say kindly, amazed by how softly his voice had appeared. The girl hesitantly stopped and watched him again. "Here," he tried again as he successfully tugged the jacket off and took a very slow step towards the girl.

Her eyes widened slightly as she quickly looked between the jacket and Mike as he stretched out his hand for her to take the jacket. "This will keep you warm," he said with a gentle smile.

The girl blinked in confusion, water droplets catching in her long eyelashes as her shaking hand slowly reached for the jacket. Mike didn't move, not taking a step closer to her, wanting her to know he was trustworthy.

He had no idea what had happened to this girl, but his stomach lurched at how jumpy and startled she seemed. Mike wondered if she had run away from home or gotten lost in the woods. What he did know for sure, was that he was going to help her.

The girl's hand finally reached the jacket, her fingers flexing into a grip as the material gathered in her palms. As she pulled the jacket towards her, her finger tips brushed against Mike's hand, causing them both to look up, their gazes meeting immediately as they gasped at the contact.

Mike knew the storm was in full swing and for a moment he felt like he could have been hit by a bolt of lightning when their fingers touched. A funny feeling was coming to life in his stomach, the strangest sensation of wings flapping while his heart pounded even harder. Mike gulped as he saw the girl's eyes go from terrified to calm.

But when a rumble of thunder could be heard, she became startled again. Gasping and looking around the dark woods as if she expected someone to jump out behind a tree.

"Hey, it's okay," Mike called calmly to her, lifting both of his hands up as he tried to get her to pay attention to him and not the storm that she was clearly so distressed by. His dark amber eyes flickered over the sodden yellow shirt and he sighed looking at his jacket on the floor that she had dropped during her fright.

Mike reached down for it and tried to give the girl a gentle stare as he took a step closer to her. "It's freezing, would you mind wearing this?"

"Mike she clearly doesn't want our help," Lucas mumbled, staying back with Dustin who nodded in agreement.

Mike looked back at his best friends and huffed a sigh. "Look at her. She's cold and scared. She needs our help."

When Dustin and Lucas didn't say anything other than glance at each other, Mike turned back to the girl who was staring at him curiously, her hazel eyes flickering over his face as if she was trying to decide whether he was a threat or not.

"Please, just trust me okay?" Mike asked her calmly, his gaze filled with concern for her. He couldn't even stop his need to help and protect her if he tried.

When she didn't flinch or back away from him, Mike took a cautious step closer to her, his jacket in his hands before he wrapped it around her dainty shoulders. She shivered at the contact for a moment and Mike swallowed down a lump in his throat as he stared at her, watching the way the rain slid down her cold and smooth skin.

Another rumble of thunder sounded, and she practically jumped in the air, her hand grasping at his forearm in reflex. Mike's eyes widened at the contact, but his main concern was her reaction to the storm.

He chanced a look at Lucas and Dustin before turning resolutely back to the scared girl. "Come on," he told her kindly. "I'm going to take you home."

November 7th 1987

Mike had just finished tying his burgundy tie when his amber eyes flickered to his bedroom window, his brow creasing in annoyance when he saw the dark rain clouds rolling in.

"Just great," he mumbled to himself before grabbing his suit jacket, pulling it on over his white collared shirt and black waistcoat.

It was Homecoming night and El had been waiting impatiently for the day to arrive. She had her dress picked out months ago, Mike knew how desperate she was to tell him what it looked like, but he teased her playfully, wanting to be surprised.

She was at the Hopper/Byers house getting ready, probably giggling and singing along to the radio with Max while they did each other's hair. The mental image made Mike grin to himself before he remembered what had turned his mood in the first place.

Everything should have been perfect. Mike had his suit, his tie matching El's dress, her corsage safely in its box and the old cabin cleaned up and decorated romantically, rose petals and candles waiting for them. They both knew what they *wanted* to happen that night. It had been in the air between them for some time now, kisses becoming heated and touches becoming more intimate as their love threatened to devour them.

Now was their chance and Mike felt like everything had finally slotted into place. Well, except for the weather of course.

A storm was coming.

And while there were times when El managed perfectly well, other times consisted of her sobbing, shaking as Mike held her, trying to shush her and kiss her temple gently while she cried.

His fingers itched with the longing to hold her, to make sure she was okay and that she was safe. He only wanted to love her the way she deserved and protect her. He had *always* wanted to protect her, even from the first moment he saw her. Especially in that first moment. Mike didn't think he would ever forget the fear in her eyes, and he never wanted to see that horrified expression ever again.

With that in mind Mike hurried to grab his wallet, car keys and the corsage before heading down the stairs, running out of the front door as quickly as his lanky legs would take him to avoid his mom's photography obsession.

Mike exhaled a relieved breath as he shut the driver's side door and buckled up his belt. A soft splattering noise caught his attention and

he looked at the windshield, groaning at the raindrops that had started to fall.

He turned the key in the ignition, his brow furrowing in confusion when the car took a moment to start. When the engine was powered and rumbling as normal, Mike shrugged, putting it down to the cold weather as he pushed the stick into drive and made his way to El.

It wasn't a long journey and by the time he was parked on the drive of the 2-story home owned by Jim and Joyce Hopper, the rain was still fairly light, barely soaking into Mike's suit jacket as he held tightly onto the corsage box and headed for the front door, knocking even though Joyce and El had told him a million times to just come in. It was his second home after all, if not his first.

The reason he *didn't* just walk in the house came in the answer of the Chief of Police opening the door and smirking slightly as he took in Mike's suit. "You know she's not ready yet, right?" Hopper said as he pushed away from the frame so that his future son in law could walk in, closing the door behind him.

"I kind of guessed that," Mike grinned, his heart already expanding with love as he thought about El. His smile faltered as he looked at the rain drops stuck to the windows, glistening in the light of the living room like glitter. "I wanted to make sure she was okay. It looks like we're getting a storm."

"Yeah I know," Hopper sighed rubbing at his lined forehead absentmindedly. They were both very much aware of how El could be when the weather got really bad. "But if it's any consolation, I think she's been too busy singing and dancing with Maxine to even notice that it's raining."

Mike smiled slightly, a warmth filling his chest at how thankful he was for El and the life she now got to lead. Things were so different from that night four years ago. She had a family, a home, a bedroom of her own which she had welled up with excitement over when she decorated. She had friends; the party of course, Max being her best friend, but also other friends she had made in dance class and track. She was more popular than any of the party members and she could have easily climbed the social ladder if she *wanted* to. But she never

did. She was content with her own inner circle and didn't want the drama that came with a clique.

And then she had him. And while Mike knew that really El could do much better, she blatantly denied it. They were a happy couple and only ever argued over the most trivial things like the very occasional bout of jealousy or El using her powers in moments when Mike worried it would encourage exposure. But he loved her more than anything and she loved him. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for her if she asked and even from such a tender young age, Mike had always known that this was it for him. That *she* was it.

His head lifted up when he heard the sound of movement upstairs, his eyes widening with excitement while Hopper chuckled quietly next to him at the eager look taking over his face.

Will came down the stairs first, dressed in his black suit and laughing with Max who looked very pretty in a long navy-blue dress. When Mike and Hopper opened their mouths to compliment her she pointed a finger at them threateningly, "don't even dare. I am only wearing this to win a bet against Dustin who refused to believe I could wear something like this."

"Well I'm sure *Lucas* will approve," Will grinned while Max rolled her eyes in amusement, a slight blush creeping into her freckled cheeks.

"When is my daughter making an appearance?" Hopper asked as he crossed his arms impatiently, his eyes flicking between his step son and Max.

"Oh, she'll be down soon," the red head smirked, her eyes lingering teasingly on Mike. "You're going to die."

"Thanks," he laughed, his stomach twisting with nerves and a similar impatience to Hopper, wanting to see El in the dress that she had been desperate to talk about for weeks.

Will looked at his watch and turned to Max, "should we get going? We need to get Jen and Lucas."

The red head nodded in agreement and gave Mike one more smile,

"try to remember how to breathe Wheeler." Max, Will and even Hopper chuckled as Mike sighed in exasperation and muttered a good bye to his friends.

"They sure like to tease you about El," Hopper commented with a small smile.

"Everyone likes to tease me about El."

"I think it's because you get this sappy look in your eyes and let's not forget that you admitted to a full room of your friends and some family that you called her for 350 – "

"353"

"353 days even though you weren't sure she was there or not."

"And whose fault was that?" Mike shot back, his eyes narrowing slightly as he stared at Hopper.

The Chief sighed slightly, "look kid, I know that was my fault. We've talked about that many times and I am not teasing you. In fact," he coughed awkwardly and shook his head.

"What?" Mike asked in confusion, his heart beat quickening as he tried to figure out what had the Chief of Police in such a fluster.

Hopper took a deep breath and smiled slightly at Mike, giving him one of the grins that were usually reserved for Joyce, El, Will or Jonathan. It was a smile that reached his blue eyes and made them look brighter as if he couldn't contain his happiness. "I know you're going to be in this family one day Wheeler. Hell I've known it from the moment you and El reunited. This is it for her, and I know you feel the same way. So yes, everyone is going to tease you because we all know how in love you both are."

Mike's chest tightened for a moment at the emotions stirring in his body. He rarely got to experience these candid moments with Hopper when they were both completely honest about how they felt. His lips quirked into a smile and his eyes lit up with happiness. "I suppose I can accept people teasing me for how in love I am. Because you're right, she is it for me Hopper. And I want to be with her for however

long she wants me."

"For eternity then," the Chief grinned making Mike laugh softly and nod his head in agreement.

The sound of the stairs creaking caught their attention as they both whirled around to find El walking down gracefully with a beaming and proud Joyce standing behind her.

Both Mike and Hopper inhaled a sharp breath at the beautiful sight in front of them.

El was wearing a strapless lace burgundy knee length dress. The bodice was fitted, and the skirt swept out elegantly. Her lean legs looked even longer in the dress, her feet pushed up slightly with burgundy high heels. The strapless bodice meant Mike had a perfect view of the delicate sweep of her collar bones and her neck.

His eyes slowly moved up to her face, butterflies racing frantically in his stomach and his chest so tight he wanted to let out a sob at how beautiful she looked. Her curly hair was pinned up, two loose curls framing her face. She had on light make up, her pink lips even more pronounced by the highlight of her lip gloss.

But the most beautiful and attractive thing about her was those eyes sparkling with happiness and those gorgeous lips curved into a happy grin that lit up her whole face. She was *stunning*. Heartbreakingly beautiful and yet she chose him. Mike knew he would never take that for granted.

El seemed to be pleased by their reaction as she stepped closer to them both. Hopper was the first one to recover and he moved to her, engulfing her in a hug. "Honey you look *beautiful*."

"Thanks dad," El sighed happily from inside of her father's embrace. Mike's heart seemed to melt at the fulfilment on her face when Joyce joined in on their hug, words of "so *beautiful* sweetie," coming out of her mouth in a choked emotional tone.

When El finally managed to pull away from her parents she turned to look at Mike who was staring at her unashamedly, his grin wide and

dopey, his eyes warm and sparkling with love as he took her in. She radiated beauty from the inside out. She was perfect for him from the very core of her soul to the tips of her delicate fingers.

"You look so handsome," she said in a breathy voice as her hazel eyes flickered over Mike's suit, making a bashful blush flush to his cheeks. He loved how she still made him feel so special, and he knew that if she had her way, he would continue to feel that way for the rest of his life.

Mike reached for El, their fingers entwining as he pulled her closer, a happy smile threatening to crease into his cheeks forever. "And you look...absolutely stunning. I can't even explain how amazing you look El."

El's eyes were sparkling with contentment as she freed a hand to cup the back of Mike's head as she pulled him down for a kiss. His eyes fluttered closed just as their lips met, the butterflies soaring in his stomach and electricity lighting up his body. Every kiss with El felt like perfection and he basked in the moment, the hand not holding hers moving to her waist.

It wasn't until Hopper *loudly* cleared his throat did Mike and El pull away, both of them a little dazed but incredibly pleased with their kiss.

Mike let El playfully rub her lip gloss off his lips with the pad of her thumb before he fumbled to pick up the corsage box. "Here," he said breathlessly, opening the box to his beautiful girlfriend and the deep red and white roses, delicate baby's breath floral bracelet coming into view.

She gasped in delight, "Mike I love it," she swooned in affectionate before reaching out her hand and letting her boyfriend carefully tie the silver beaded bracelet onto her slim wrist.

"Photo time!" Joyce called happily, Jonathan's old camera already firmly in her grasp.

Mike and El looked at each other, too happy to even refuse as they laughed lightly and turned towards the camera. There were photos of

them separately, photos of El with her parents and photos of them as a couple. Mike's arms around El's waist, her placing a kiss on his cheek, their smiles always as happy as they both felt inside of their hearts.

After what felt like a lifetime of flashing lights in his eyes, Mike was finally escorting El out of the front door. He was beyond thankful to see that she was handling the weather just fine, too distracted by her glowing happiness to delve in too deeply into the way storms could affect her mentally.

"You ready to go?" Mike asked turning to El with a smile, his hand on the steering wheel and the other laced with her fingers over the central console.

She grinned back at him, nodding her head happily. "Yes, let's go."

They were half way towards the high school when Mike realised something was wrong with the car. It was shuddering, the radio had cut out and then suddenly the vehicle came to a stop.

"What's wrong?" El asked in gentle confusion, her eyes lingering on Mike's face while he stared at the steering wheel for a moment in utter frustration.

"We've broke down," he explained as he tried to think of what he needed to do. The rain was coming down harder, pelting on the hood of the car and the roof. He sighed realising what he needed to do.

Mike turned to El and gave her hand a reassuring squeeze, "you just stay there okay? I'm just going to look under the hood and see if I can find the problem."

"But Mike it's raining," El whined tugging on his hand. "You'll get *soaked*. Can't I just try with my powers to – "

"No El!" Mike said quickly, shaking his head as his own anxieties rushed into his veins. He still had nightmares of losing her to the bad men, and he would never, *ever* be able to forgive himself if they exposed her over something as trivial as a broken down car.

Mike took a deep breath and gave his girlfriend a reassuring smile, "it

might just be a loose wire. I'm just gonna take a look, you sit tight." He squeezed her hand again, trying to get a small nod out of her before hurrying to take off his seat belt and getting out of the warmth of the car and into the storm.

He tried not to cringe as the rain splattered across his face as he moved to the trunk first, pulling out a flashlight and walking around to the hood. Mike looked through the rain covered windscreen to see El waiting patiently and he sighed in relief that she was at least safe and dry.

Mike popped the hood open and squinted through the rain drops falling in his eyelashes as he pointed the flashlight at the engine compartment and then the oil and brake fluid. He hoped he at least *looked* like he knew what he was doing, because in reality he had no clue. Mike had been taught the very basics of cars, like changing a tyre and keeping an eye on engine levels, but this was kind of out of his ball park. This kind of thing would be a Hopper thing. But right now, Mike didn't *want* to admit to his girlfriend that he needed her dad to save them.

He tried to ignore the cold rain splattering down the back of his suit jacket as he fiddled with a few wires, checking if anything had gotten loose or if anything was obviously wrong.

"Have you fixed it?" El's voice startled Mike so much that he narrowly avoided hitting his head on the hood top when he jumped. He held a hand over his heart, gasping for breath.

"El you scared me," Mike said before blinking in confusion and whirling around to see his girlfriend stood in the rain next to him. Rain drops falling on her bare shoulders as she inched closer to the engine, narrowing her eyes as she tried to have a good look at what was wrong. "El, go back in the car, you're going to ruin your dress."

She ignored him, giving him a playful smirk as she continued to look for a problem. Mike reluctantly let her take a glance, hoping her years with Hopper had helped her to learn more about cars than he knew. To her credit, she did know a lot as she checked levels and asked Mike to try turning on the engine as she worked her way around the car trying to decide what it was. In the end she sighed,

looking up at Mike who had just exited the car again. "I think it's the battery, it must have been coming to the end of its life. You need a replacement."

"Uh great," Mike huffed as he smacked a wet hand to his already soaked face. He wanted to kick himself and then kick his dad for giving him such a crap second hand car.

He dropped his hand from his face, cringing when he realised that El was just as drenched as he was. Her curls dripping wet, her mascara running slightly under her eyes and her dress deepening in colour from the rain.

Mike hurried to take off his suit jacket and handed it over to his girlfriend with a remorseful face, "El I am *so* sorry," he choked out, feeling his body shuddering from a combination of the cold rain and the utter sadness of ruining his girlfriend's Homecoming night. The night she had been counting down until, the dress she had been dreaming of and the night they were going to...

"Sorry?" El asked in confusion while she pulled her arms through the sleeves of Mike's suit jacket. "Why are you sorry?"

He wanted to laugh at how sweet she was being. He pointed to the car, "this is my fault. Maybe if I'd maintained it better, or I don't know...checked it over before I came and got you. We could have been at the Homecoming dance now."

Mike covered his face with his palms and heaved a sigh. "You could be dancing now and having fun. Instead you're stuck here with me."

There was a moment of silence, the only sound being the gentle pounding of the rain splattering on their clothes and hitting the car was the occasional tap. Suddenly there was a static noise ripping through the silence before Mike dropped his hands and realised that the car lights were now on, basking him and El in warm light while the radio came to life, the station half way through *Africa* by Toto.

Mike turned to his girlfriend who was a lot closer to him then she had been a moment ago. "El," he breathed out before she pressed her finger to his lips to stop him from talking.

She smiled almost playfully before her lips and eyes softened as she gazed at him. "For my Homecoming I just want you. I only *ever* want to be with you."

Mike's chest seemed tight with emotion as he pulled her closer, their wet foreheads pressing together as their eyes fluttered shut, the rain pouring down their faces, the water mixing together before sliding down their jaws.

"I love you," Mike whispered, breathing her in and filling his senses with her sweet and alluring scent.

El smiled against him, "I love you too. *Always.*"

The song slowly faded out and the beginnings of something familiar flooded in. It was a Bryan Adams tune that Mike knew El was in love with.

He pulled back slightly, opening his eyes just as El's wet lashes fluttered open too. They stared at each other, soft smiles lighting up their wet faces. Nostalgia and love mixed beautiful in Mike's heart as he said, "do you wanna dance?"

El let out a sob that was mixed with a laugh of recognition. Her eyes welled up, but she managed to answer, "I don't know how."

Oh thinking about all our younger years

There was only you and me

We were young and wild and free

Mike grinned, his arms already reaching for her again. "I don't either. Do you wanna figure it out?"

El's lips trembled as she nodded, her arms wrapped around Mike's neck and pulled him down closer.

Now nothing can take you away from me

We've been down that road before

But that's over now

You keep me coming back for more

Mike's hands cupped El's waist, his eyes basking in her beauty, her shyness as she dipped her head just as she had all those years ago at the Snow Ball. Mike felt choked by how much he loved her and instinctively pulled her closer, swaying slowly to the music.

Baby, you're all that I want

When you're lying here in my arms

I'm finding it hard to believe

We're in heaven

El looked up at Mike, their eyes connecting and their hearts beating fast. "This is perfect," she whispered. "This is all I could have wanted for Homecoming."

Oh once in your life you find someone

Who will turn your world around

Bring you up when you're feeling down

Yeah nothing could change what you mean to me

Oh there's lots that I could say

But just hold me now

Cause our love will light the way

Their lips met, their mouths moving together in a perfect harmony, lighting their wet bodies with warmth and a glow that no storm could put out.

I've been waiting for so long

For something to arrive

For love to come along

Now our dreams are coming true

Through the good times and the bad

Yeah I'll be standing there by you

Their foreheads met once more, content smiles on their faces as they closed their eyes and just let the rain pour down on them as it had done the first time they ever met.

Maybe the storm wasn't so bad, maybe after the rain would come a rainbow so beautiful that it would lit the way for a beautiful future, filled with love, laughter, marriage, children and the endless happiness that they both deserved.

And love is all that I need

And I found it there in your heart

It isn't too hard to see

We're in heaven, heaven, oooh

You're all that I want

You're all that I need

Author's Note:

"And they all got colds. The end." Haha :-)

I am kind of sad and disappointed with myself for not getting Day 5 and Day 6 of Mileven Week themes out to you all I've been away with my family and didn't get any chance to write. I hoped I would, but it didn't work out that way!

So I apologise this one is a day late, but I've wanted to write this from the moment that I first saw the prompt, and I had to incorporate my favourite song too!

I hope you liked it and please let me know what you thought.

I'm sorry for not completing the week :-(